

They held out no hope of getting baggage animals, and I returned to the sheepfold.

It was a long day. The servants did not arrive till night, and Kochanes receded hourly ! Many people came for medicine, and among them a very handsome man whose house was entered by Kurds a month ago, who threatened him with death unless he surrendered his possessions. After this he and his brothers fled and hid among the wheat, but fearing to be found and killed, they concealed themselves for a fortnight in the tall reeds of a marsh. He is now subject to violent fits of trembling.

" My illness is fear/" the poor fellow said. Three hundred sheep had been taken from him and twenty-five gold *liras* ; his grass had been burned, "and now," he said, "the oppressor Hazela Bey says, ' give me the deeds of your lands, if not I will kill you/' " He had been a *MaleJc*, and was so rich that he entertained travellers and their horses at all times. Now his friends have to give him wheat wherewith to make bread.

The house of *QasJia* Jammo has granaries at each side of the low door, a long dark passage leading into a subterranean stable With a platform for guests, and a living-room, on a small scale, like the one at Marbishu.

A space was cleared in the granary for my bed among wheat, straw, ploughs, beetles, starved cats, osier grain-tubs coated with clay, six feet high, and agricultural gear of all sorts. It was a horrid place, and the door would not bolt. After midnight I was awakened by a sound as

if big rats were gnawing the beams. I got  
up and  
groping my way to the door heard it more  
loudly, went  
into the passage, looked through the chinks  
in the outer  
door, and saw a number of Kurds armed with  
guns. I  
retreated and fired my revolver in the  
granary, which  
roused the dogs, and the dogs roused the  
twenty strangers  
who were receiving the priest's hospitality.  
In the stable